

Things in Motion...

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice. --Heraclitus (540? - 480?) B.C.

Before the Light of Day

AS CHILDREN, we sometimes grow to fear darkness. Night may come to hold terrors for us and often we drag this sort of baggage into our adult lives. During a part of my own childhood I was plagued by recurring nightmares of the worst sort which the family doctor suggested was caused by my chronically infected tonsils.

The tonsils were removed when I was six, but the last nightmare occurred when I was seventeen and ended when I destroyed the monster that had chased me through the darkness for so many years. Admittedly, the cobwebs from those nights of terror still brush across my face if my imagination is let loose.

With retirement and the change of lifestyle that followed it was possible to sleep later—but as the years galloped by that changed, too. For whatever reason, my sleep usually ends around four o'clock in the morning and I have come to love the quiet stillness of those pre-dawn hours; it is a time for numerous activities which include freshly-brewed coffee, an English muffin or toast and a chance to catch up on the latest favorite magazines or to continue reading an enjoyable book until I'm ready to scan the daily newspaper. I don't awaken the TV set unless the weather is threatening or some emergency is occurring. The quiet is far too enjoyable to allow noise.

Other things often claim my attention in the early hours; I may check e-mail, write a letter, create a journal as I am doing now, or research a genealogical source in the hunt for an ancestor. By the time daylight arrives I have already accomplished much of the day's normal tasks and when I take a break to finally listen to a television newscast, I do not deny myself the lazy pleasure of a short nap. For me, the dark hours of early morning have become a special time with no monsters, only the pleasant, quiet atmosphere when I can concentrate on a chosen activity without interruption and without pressure—a welcome situation to find in much of today's pursuits. #

WRITE A LETTER

I HAVE asked people with unique experiences to write about them and often I get the excuse, "*I don't know how to write --I didn't learn that in school.*"

If you can write a letter, you can write about your experiences.

Some people admit to a fear of being embarrassed by their poor grammar and lack of punctuation skills.

If you permit it, your writing can and will be edited by a publisher. The heart of your story is what counts, the packaging is cosmetic.

AAPA is a rich source of interesting people with interesting stories to tell, and it is a shameful waste that so many of those stories will not be told—and for no good reason. Try it—WRITE.

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